

TONOPAH DAILY BONANZA

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HANG OUT THE FLAGS.

CONGRESS is in session holding the most momentous meeting since revolutionary days. The issue is more important than even our own war of the sixties, for it involves our relations with the whole world. Today will be spent in organizing and tomorrow the president will send in his message to the joint session. From indications this morning it appears there can be only one eventuation—war. While every man and woman of the United States is entitled to an opinion and the right to express it there can be but one conclusion when a decision is reached and that will be to get behind the president and back him up in any action which he and his advisers may resolve upon. The whole eastern country is aflame with enthusiasm and a wave of patriotism is rolling up across the continent. Congress does not lack backbone and may be depended on to do the right thing, but there is such a factor as moral support which goes a long way towards marking the correct course to pursue. Therefore the whole country should turn the flag loose today and display the national colors in every shape and form as a reminder that the people of these United States are unanimous in their support of the president. Nevada has not done its share in preparing for war. No effort has been made to strengthen the hand of the president by tendering troops or supplies. It is not too late for action and a timely reminder should stimulate every patriot to do his share in helping the country. Tonopah should not be last to offer the services of men capable of rendering valiant assistance to their country which stands in greater need of mining engineers, men familiar with the use of explosives and men drilled in the art of sinking shafts and driving tunnels. War is a science. It is no longer the impact of brute force, but a test of brains and inventive genius that harnesses science and knowledge to the chariot of Mars.

Display the flag! Wear one in your buttonhole and decorate your car with the national colors. Let it be understood that you are a citizen of the United States and next that your patriotism will endure to the end of time. Act now and do the shouting later, for, as Napoleon said, "God is with the heaviest artillery."

TRIBUTE TO THE DEUTSCHLAND.

SOME harebrained fools have been so obsessed with the exploits of Captain Koenig, of the German navy, that they have prepared an immense album containing every reference to the exploits of the Deutschland taken from American newspapers. This volume they propose donating to the Berlin Royal Library. The collection is described as one of the most artistic and comprehensive groupings of comments ever attempted in this or any other country. No item bearing on the undersea merchantman printed in the most obscure paper has been allowed to escape, for the clipping agencies had carte blanche in fine combing the country for this purpose. The first thought of the men who suggested the novelty was to cement the financial and social relations of the two countries, but now it would be interesting to inquire what the designers propose doing. The volume is representing as resting on four eagles, two emblematic of the German bird and the other two typical of the American eagle. These legs are of gold and nothing but the most costly workmanship was permitted to enter into the construction. For the present it may be stated that delivery has been postponed to some more favorable date, but in the meantime it is wise for the originators of the scheme to take a day off and go around the block to counsel with themselves as to the real intent and purpose of the insidious visit of the Deutschland to American ports. The question has been asked before why the submersible did not go direct to one of the greater ports instead of threading the dangerous shoals of the south Atlantic in an effort to deliver a cargo right under the shadow of the dome of the capitol. Having accomplished this feat without warning it was decided to change the base of operations to the north Atlantic where the obscure port of New London, known primarily as a summer resort, was selected. Since the ubiquity of the spy peril has been exposed it is becoming more apparent every day that there was an object in these incursions. Naval observers say the Deutschland was nothing more than a survey ship of the German navy sent to the United States for the purpose of completing charts of the undefended harbors and testing by actual observation such reports as the secret service of Germany had at its disposal. The trip up the Potomac after passing through a fleet of U. S. warships without being observed is rather significant and it is presumed that sober reflection will convince the admirers of Capt. Koenig that the gallant little submarine commander must have been laughing up his sleeve all the time he was the object of social attention and the lion of the hour.

KNOCKING NEVADA.

IT remained for a Tonopah paper to ridicule the recent enactment by which a settler can take up an added allotment of arid lands if he succeeds in developing water for a portion of his homestead. The writer of the ill-timed screed devotes much labor to describing how the western states have been robbed of their best lands and concludes there is nothing worth having to attract settlers to this state or any other section where irrigation must be depended on for cultivation. If the writer had given the slightest attention to what is going on around him he would be ashamed to stand for this wholesale condemnation which applies directly to this state, since the enlarged homestead statute was introduced by a senator from Nevada and put through both houses of Congress at the earnest solicitation of the agricultural counties, which are clamoring for settlers. The man who wrote the article in question could not have the welfare of Nevada at heart or he would have learned something about the merits of the bill, which is bringing in hundreds of farmers to Elko and Humboldt counties. Conceding that farming in the dry farming country is not as pleasant and agreeable as farming back in Ohio and Illinois, yet it is an indisputable fact that most of the landseekers coming to Nevada hail from the middle west where land is held so high that it is impossible for the man with

the hoe to make both ends meet. Out here in this boundless empire, where the tractor levels all things and brings the most refractory land under subjection there is room for plenty more with the assurance that there is a reward for those who come with the intention of putting their shoulders to the wheel and bending their energies to the task of making a home. Where there is a will there is a way and there is not a solitary case of failure where a man or family was willing to face pioneer conditions. Nevada is the last frontier state of the union, but that is no reason for hammering its prospects and discouraging farmers from coming in and taking up the cheapest lands to be had today in the United States.

APRIL FOOL WEATHER.

WHEN spring in an indulgent mood flooded the desert with warmth the other day the vernal impulse took possession of all creation. Women and boys began digging and turning over the damp smelling earth with as much energy as though they were not on the desert and really expected to see the countryside bloom with the first shower of the season. Windows were open, doors were ajar and the blessed sunshine deluged the homes of rich and poor bringing the heat and awakening that was so welcome after the long and trying winter. Gay dresses with funny barreled skirts ventured out ahead of Easter and a few gay hats ran the risk of premature criticism.

The first fly crawled over the desk. Where he came from or where he received the hint that summer had come or that winter was vanishing no one knows, but there he was, a stern reality, a little weak on the pins, but otherwise ready for the campaign of pollution that is sure to come. The wild snowbirds, ungrateful creatures, flew off to distant canyons after menus of creepy things in the shape of bugs and worms that had been denied them the long winter when they subsisted on public charity dispensed in backyards on the crumbs, seeds and table scraps cast out by thoughtful children and mothers with bairnies of their own.

Ben Hendricks and the sprinkling wagon rumbled up Brougher avenue past the Bonanza open door and continued on up to the roadway spreading moisture and dusty vapors in its trail as the same old mules pushed on their collars and the driver pulled philosophically on the same long cigar.

Nature was aroused. The school children came trooping down the hill from school, bare-necked, bare-armed and bare-headed, fairly asking the sun to burn them with its heat. They were the same school children who had been scampering down the same street every day of the winter but they seemed to be more joyous, like a lot of lambskins gamboling on the green, but that day the magical touch of spring had imparted a snap to their personality and the bunch flocked along with light hearts and shining faces as though they had been shut up like a lot of hot house exotics and just eager to escape to the freedom of the hills. And, as evening fell with its mellowed light and the breezes coquetted with the curls and ribbons of the little girls the sorrowful visaged burro submitted once more to the boys' shrill call and the herd was off to the hills where the lingering sunlight bathed them in its golden embrace before shrinking behind the curtain of night. Fires were neglected for it was not true that summer had come and all nature was rejoicing. Everybody flocked outdoors and entered into the spirit of the eventful day.

Then came the first of April. Old Boreas was on the job. So was the man with the stove and the women with their wraps and the juveniles with their sweaters and cloaks and hats and furs. Twenty-four hours brought Tonopah back to midwinter. It was the first of April, a happy augury of the evanescent rigors of winter. Soon the real old summer time will be here and folks will forget all about the inclemency of the winter of 1916-17, which broke all records for duration and severity.

In the meantime we may remind readers that the government has placed at their disposal, through the Bonanza, an abundance of vegetable seeds to which all are welcome.

FRANCE WAS SHY OF MUNITIONS AFTER BATTLE OF THE MARNE

(By Associated Press.)

PARIS, April 2.—It was not until the battle of the Marne was at its height, when war munitions were running low, that the French government realized the imperative need of an intense production of war material, according to statements made by Albert Thomas, minister of munitions, in the chamber of deputies. M. Thomas was speaking in reply to criticisms of the conditions under

which war material had been supplied to the French army.

From his assertions it appears that the French war department had estimated before the war that it would be necessary for state arsenals to produce not more than 13,000 shells a day. In the belief that the conflict would be short, no provision whatever was made for the production of explosives during the hostilities. When it was discovered, during the battle of the Marne, that

this estimate was insufficient, Alexandre Millerand, then minister of war, summoned to Bordeaux the heads of all manufacturing establishments available and organized them into groups for the rapid production of three-inch shells.

Neither the government nor the manufacturers had then any basis for figuring the costs. The exceptional conditions and the great need of immediately replenishing the supply, M. Thomas said, accounted for the abnormal prices and the fabulous profits reaped by the manufacturers. Three-inch shells at that time cost the government 15 francs each. Today they are purchased at prices ranging from six francs and

fifty centimes to seven francs and fifty centimes.

The French war department has placed 64,000 contracts for artillery, projectiles and explosives since September, 1914, Mr. Thomas said. All munitions-producing plants in France, he added, have been under the control of the state from the beginning. Replying to deputies who demanded that all industries able to contribute to the national defense should be requisitioned by the government, M. Thomas declared that this would cause disorganization. He accepted a proposal for a regime under which the state would exercise a control and share in the profits of these industries.

The government has established ten new gun foundries since September, 1914, and has enlarged 18 others, it developed in the debate.

The cruelty of the New York situation is that miles upon miles of railroad yards are blockaded with food in cars.—Pittsburgh Dispatch. Austria doesn't like the looks of the icy bath, but the Big Boy of Berlin says inexorably: "Come on in, the water's fine."—Chicago Post.

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